

1600/1557.

AN  
ANTICIPATION  
OF THE  
REVIEW  
OF THE  
HORSE GUARDS AND HORSE GRENADIERS.

By TIMOTHY TWADDLE, Esq.  
POET LAUREAT TO THE TROOPS.

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## TO THE OFFICERS OF THE HORSE GUARDS, &amp;c.

MY WORTHY PATRONS,

I HAVE often perplexed myself in endeavouring to trace out the origin of an appellation so frequently applied to your Corps, I mean *that of unfortunate gentlemen*. I never have been happy enough to meet with a single satisfactory answer to the numberless enquiries I have made on the subject; and probably might have remained eternally in the dark, but for one of those lucky incidents that throw a sudden light upon a question, which has perhaps been the object of an endless and fruitless investigation. Casting my eye by chance on a passage in an old author, I saw the mystery instantly cleared up. As it is in a language which it would be shamefully pedantick for you to understand, I submit the following literal translation to your perusal:

\* LONG before † Agamemnon commanded at Troy,  
While Nestor was yet but a snivelling boy,  
There were many Horse Guards Men who liv'd and who dy'd,  
But of whom we know little or nothing beside;  
They were all as brave fellows, I'll venture to say,  
As e'er you should see in a fair summer's day;  
Tho' this we must guess, for we never could know it,  
Because—they ne'er thought of employing a poet.

\* Vixere Fortes ante Agamemnona, &amp;c. &amp;c.

† A Colonel of the Horse Guards.



These gentlemen were, as you see, at *that* day, in the same predicament as you have found yourselves at *this*.—The relieving you from this *unfortunate* situation is the object of the following essay. It may appear that I have invaded the province of Capt. M——e; but on reflection it will be evident, that he is so occupied in transmitting to posterity how modern heroes *eat*, that he has left himself no time to record how they *fight*. Had he been inclined to have blended these two occupations, indeed, he had the Father of poets for his authority, who has dedicated almost as many lines to *beef-steaks* as he has to *battles*. But I dare say the Captain had good reasons for the choice of his subject, which though it has precluded *you* from the benefit of his abilities, has given *me* an opportunity of shewing my zeal.—Condescend, therefore, my worthy Patrons, to accept this earnest though feeble tribute,

From your devoted Laureat,

TIMOTHY TWADDLE.

George's Coffee-House,  
April 24, 1786.

A N



AN

## ANTICIPATION, &c.

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SERENE be the day, and unclouded the morn,  
May streaks bright and ruddy its rising adorn!

When the Squadrons impatient of longer delay,

The call to Blackheath and to glory obey;

Rous'd at *this*, their past battles they fight o'er again,

Thrice rout all their foes, and thrice slay all the slain.

B

Could



Could *I*, oh vain wish ! but compose as *they* fight,  
 Were *my* wit, like *their* swords, polish'd, pointed and bright,  
 Then no more should my Heroes indignant peruse  
 The feeble attempts of my hobbling Muse ;  
 Nor again with fastidious pride should complain,  
 That the fame of *their* deeds was obscur'd by *my* strain ;  
 Then even those Bands, which in hostile alarms,  
 Like their own Gog and Magog, stand frowning in arms,  
 The City's best hope, orange, yellow, or blue,  
 Should no more, my brave friends, share in glory with you ;  
 Tho' oft in the rain, without flinching they've stood,  
 And tho' often have march'd and fought knee deep in—mud,  
 Yet *their* faint gleam of fame from *your* brightness should shrink,  
 As the blaze of the sun will extinguish a link.  
 But, alas ! to my Muse no such powers belong,  
 'Tis her theme, not her strength, must ennoble her song.

Say,



Say, then, who are these which first dazzle our eyes,  
 Whose caps, like their spirits, point up to the skies,  
 Whence they come? and in arms their bright prowess explain,  
 Ah! fure they can ne'er look so dreadful in vain!

These Knightsbridge inhabit, and Brumpton's gay town,  
 Which if equal in size, not of equal renown;  
 (For Knightsbridge can boast, in obscurity veil'd,  
 That she once, as Bayes tells us, an army conceal'd.)  
 In the battles of Hyde-Park, all season'd and try'd,  
 Who death, drought and dirt, dust and danger deride—  
 The Genius of Bourbon, aghast and dismay'd,  
 Like the Devil, askant, views their standard display'd;  
*That* standard, which once, in an ill-fated day,  
 Some fly wicked thief from the guard stole away—



God of standards and battles ! say, did'st thou then nap ?

Or dally inglorious in Venus's lap ?

Mark amongst them that stripling, who panting for fame,  
In spite of a mother's remonstrances came ;  
Wo was me ! she exclaim'd, when that passion for arms,  
Fill'd *thy* breast with ambition, *my* soul with alarms ;  
When possess'd by the Dæmon of discord and slaughter,  
You dash'd down your bottle of Hungary water,  
And swore that henceforward no smell you'd delight in,  
But the smell of smoke, sulphur, flame, fury and fighting.  
Think, Jacky, rash Jacky, how long you might linger,  
If in drawing your sword you should cut your dear finger ;  
Remember your screams, while I plaster'd and patch'd you,  
When the cat in her anger so cruelly scratch'd you ;

While



While your sisters all stood with their salts at your nose,

And your cheeks for the lily relinquish'd the rose:—

In the field, who a mother's fond care will supply?

In the cold, round your neck who a handkerchief tie?

Should you fall from your horse, who will run to your aid,

With peppermint essence and arquebusade?

All, in vain! for regardless of wounds or of scars,

Jacky swore before Gad, that he'd go to the wars:

To the wars now he goes—no mamma to direct him!

In her stead may the Goddess of dimples protect him;

Twixt his face and the sun her divine mantle spread,

To hang like a parasol over his head.

Next come, (their approach let the trumpets proclaim)

The imps of Bellona, the minions of Fame!



In himself each an host, to whom nature imparts,  
Great heads, greater bellies, and still greater hearts.

Say, Muse, what blest spot (to which Sparta must yield  
Prolific in heroes) sends these to the field?

These, from Tyburn's grim precincts, and Paddington's plains,  
And from Marybone march, where the nymphs with their swains  
Trip to fiddles no more—mark their fwords keen and bright,  
At home no less friendly than fatal in fight:  
For *there*, they in times of inglorious ease  
Leave the hacking of squadrons for slicing of cheese,  
Like the world's ancient masters, their wearers combine  
Arts with arms, and the soldier and citizen join—  
With his scales in his hand in celestial state,  
As Jove sits dispensing and weighing out fate,



So the balance of Europe their valour controlls,  
 As their hands guide the beams which weigh candles and coals;  
 Peace and War in each bosom alternately burns,  
 Eggs, Fame, Butter, Honour, presiding by turns.

But alas! can my Muse e'er describe what she felt,  
 At a scene, which the heart of Alecto would melt,  
 When off'ring up vows for their parting protectors,  
 The fobbing Andromaches clung round their Hectors;  
 While each sweet Aftynax threw by his rattle,  
 To cry o'er papa, arm'd for slaughter and battle.

As when city barges prepare to explore  
 'Twixt Chelsea and Chertsey each far distant shore,  
 Where rashly embark'd on the merciless waves,  
 Toils and dangers unheard of the swan-hopper braves,



One parting embrace wife and daughter demand,  
 E'er the signal yet calls the dear man from the land.  
 He firm and unmov'd, cries, dear friends cease to mourn,  
 There are dangers 'tis true, but I *yet* may return;  
 Tho' if not, O remember, I go not to share  
 Merely pasties, but honour and death with the may'r!

Now, my Muse, haste to twine a victorious wreath,  
 For the brows of thy friends on the plains of Blackheath;  
 Fresh and warm from the life let their actions be told,  
 For your heroes, like soup, are worth nothing when cold.  
 Each scene intervening let others relate,  
 How without once repining they brav'd dust and heat;  
 If like gossiping Trojans they talk'd all the way,  
 Or glum, like the Grecians, had nothing to say.



How each boarding-school damfel exclaim'd with delight,  
 Dear me, I ne'er saw such a ravishing fight !  
 The men all so stout, and the captains so taper,  
 And then the sweet horses so prance and so caper :  
 But I vow that their weapons all drawn make me start,  
 And feel (what I cannot describe) at my heart.—  
 They may tell too how —— that comical elf,  
 Crack'd his jokes, but reserv'd all the laugh to himself.  
 How magnanimous —— recounted the share  
 That he bore in the battle of Bloomsbury-square ;  
 Where an army of weavers with tailors allied,  
 With dead cats and kittens the squadrons defy'd ;  
 With cowhorns and catcalls, with bodkins and shears,  
 How they dazzl'd their eyes, and they deafen'd their ears.  
 How too on the march e'en great —— could deign  
 To descant on war, and its maxims explain ;



Not *those* which inculcate the barbarous mode,  
 Of flashing and cutting from Frederic's code;  
 Abhorring such practice, no maxims *he* quotes,  
 But for flashing of sleeves, and for cutting of coats.

In tactical science let Germany claim,  
 Unrival'd by Britain, her title to fame;  
 But with nice geometrical skill to decide,  
 Just how many inches men take at a stride;  
 To settle in council, with judgment profound,  
 If the cock of a hat should be pointed or round;  
 To trace out some plan which all Vauban's excels,  
 For the salient angles of—capcs and lappells;  
 While tailors *out tailor'd* in wonder remain,  
 That mere mortal heads should such wisdom contain.

These



These are, Heroes of Britain, your claims to renown,  
This harvest of honour is wholly your own.

Some few, some Heretical few, who deny  
That these orthodox tenets were dropt from the sky,  
Opinions that clash with these maxims maintain,  
And have ventur'd by practice their whims to explain.  
Their recreant names should my delicate Muse,  
(Unhackney'd in scandal and slander) refuse,  
To Time's latest limits Fame still would convey,  
BOYD, ELIOTT, CARLETON, CORNWALLIS and GREY:  
Nor while she *their* names to disgrace shall consign,  
Will thy country, O RAWDON! be silent on *thine*.

I confess, tho' 'tis passing absurd thus on paper,  
Like my heroes themselves to frisk, curvet, and caper;



Strange whims in thy head, my Muse, surely prevail,  
 Or a gadfly perchance has crept under thy tail:  
 Leave such skittish vagaries and curvetings, pray,  
 And learn to go quietly on, on thy way.

Well, the march at an end, not a single man lost,  
 On the heath see warriors now take their post;  
 Now a battle as Livy and Tacitus teach,  
 Is but poor entertainment without a good speech.  
 And thus (or the wight fiddling laws would impugn)  
 Some fidler first puts all the others in tune;  
 Else instead of fine music you'd hear a vile pother,  
 All the fiddlesticks moving one after another.  
 As this is the mode then, to form a concerto,  
 In war 'tis the same—which is what I refer to.

These



These things all depend on the laws of vibrations,  
 Which can teach bears to dance, or can harmonize nations;  
 Could make a grave Chancellor lay by the seals,  
 Laugh at law books and statutes, and trust to his heels.  
 There are founts which e'en TH—w himself would beguile,  
 And tho' perhaps not to dance, yet might force him to smile—  
 Be that as it may—now no longer let's preach,  
 But attend on the Colonel, who thus makes his speech.

" Of many rough contests, ye precious remains!  
 " Or from Tyburn's grim precincts, or Paddington's plains;  
 " Or ye who at Knightbridge or Brompton reside,  
 " Like the patriarchs of old, by the road's dusty side,  
 " Brother soldiers attend! for my brothers shall be  
 " All those who to-day share in danger with me;

" Which



- " Which day who survives may as Cæsar before ye,
- " Say, enough has he liv'd, who has liv'd unto glory ;
- " This point to attain we'll our efforts combine,
- " The exertion be yours, the instruction be mine.
- " First then, be your ardour by prudence controll'd,
- " Not backward, nor yet ostentatiously bold ;
- " Let your charges be fierce, but fit fast above all,
- " For there's danger as well as disgrace in a fall.
- " In firing, his head let no man turn aside,
- " For fear to such caution is nearly allied.
- " Tho' starting and blinking, and looking askew,
- " Be allow'd city troops, yet 'twere shameful in you ;
- " In drawing your swords avoid hurry and pother,
- " Left you cut your own fingers, or wound one another :
- " In charging should jack-asses run in your way,
- " Give them quarter if silent, but none if they bray ;

" For



- “ For oft have I known that opprobrious sound,  
 “ The best order’d squadrons manœuvres confound ;  
 “ Indulge no explosions unseemly to name,  
 “ Reports not conducive to honour or fame ;  
 “ But if any their bowels incontinent find,  
 (“ I ask not the cause, be it terror or wind)  
 “ Let them quickly dismount and retreat to the rear,  
 “ Nor spread the contagion of looseness or fear.  
 “ When the Sov’reign you pass let the eye fiercely roll,  
 “ As a type of the ardour which glows in the soul ;  
 “ While the Bourbon ambassadors dread the disasters,  
 “ Which they guess by your frowns are in store for their masters ;  
 “ When your hearts thus to glory and fame are consign’d,  
 “ Let no vulgar ideas find place in your mind ;  
 “ Of candles, coals, soap, all remembrances drop,  
 “ For that moment at least let none think of his shop.”



He spoke—and his speech such a murmur succeeds,  
 As is heard, when Sir Joseph for liberty pleads;  
 Or when o'er the pavement a cartload of coals,  
 Or fruit woman's wheelbarrow rumbling rolls.

Hark! the charge sounds to arms—could my Muse now but rise,  
 Sublime like her heroes great souls to the skies;  
 For to scenes bright as these strains exalted belong,  
 And the thunder of war claims the thunder of song:  
 But, alas! should she yet to ambition give loose,  
 And mount like a swan, but to fall like a goose,  
 How the poets and critics would throng one and all,  
 To laugh at her rashness, and sneer at her fall.  
 Oh! how would their figures and families flow,  
 On *Phaeton*, *Twaddle*, the *Thames* and the *Po*.

Some



Some with epigram's points without mercy would prick her,  
 While others with arrows of satire would stick her;  
 In prose, others still more sarcastic than verse,  
 Would, with mock mourning epitaphs, hang round her corpse:  
 To these sober cautions 'twill perhaps be reply'd,  
 Your Muse, long ere this, should her mettle have try'd.  
 'Tis true—but alas! like a wight to whose eye,  
 Danger's features still swell as it's presence is nigh,  
 So she feels a cold sickening qualm which portends,  
 Some such anguish fit as once seiz'd on her friends.  
 Should she wait then the terrible tug of the day,  
 Alack! who can swear that she won't run away?  
 While a well-tim'd retreat, when 'tis clearly explain'd,  
 As Sir —— well knows, leaves your honour unstain'd.

At last then, ye critics, she pleads at *your* bar,  
 You must grant or refuse her the honours of war;



Bid her march off the field with her colours display'd,  
 Or sneak to her garret abash'd and dismay'd;  
 But, ah! while the laurels her heroes adorn,  
 Ne'er throw out their Muse's petition with scorn:  
 What her *wit* cannot claim, to her *efforts* allow,  
 And with one sprig, one poor sprig of bays, deck her brow.

Now, my masters, ye who monthly rods keep in pickle,  
 The bums of us poor poetasters to tickle,  
 When *Timothy's* works are to judgment consign'd,  
 Pray reserve your decisions till after you've din'd;  
 When fasting, there rise, as by Doctors 'tis said,  
 Sour fumes, which condense into clouds in the head;  
 There they're brew'd into hurricanes dreadful and dark,  
 Which burst and o'erwhelm the poetical bark.  
 'Tis true, that according to *Horace's* fancy,  
 Those reason most wisely who reason *impransi*;



But tho' *he* was surely a very wise fellow,  
 I can say for myself that *I'm* wisest when mellow;  
 And as safely can vouch it, and that I'm a finner,  
 Never did a wise action 'twixt breakfast and dinner.  
 Nay, *he* too, if *Perseus* do not deceive ye,  
 Was bosky at least when he carrol'd out *Evø*.  
 When I've din'd, tho' at first I may be but so so,  
 Yet the longer I sit still the wiser I grow :  
 Then, if no empty bottles my humour should balk,  
 You'd bless yourselves hugely to hear how I talk ;  
 On politics, poetry, just what you will,  
 'Tis all one to *Twaddle*, his tongue's never still.  
 Would you try ? name your day and your hour, and then  
 If he play his part ill—never ask him again.



1843

But I was never a very good scholar  
I can say for myself that I was never a scholar  
And as for my character, I am not a scholar  
Never did a scholar's work in my life  
My father, if he ever did any work  
Was always at home, and he never left home  
When I was dead, that is, I was never dead  
For the longer I live, the more I grow  
I feel, if I am ever, that I am never dead  
You will find me, I am never dead  
On the other hand, I am never dead  
It is all one to me, I am never dead  
Would you like to know, I am never dead  
If he says his part in the story, I am never dead





